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inferences from the tenor of his discourse, or by representing his image as seen through the colored or magnifying media of their prejudice or their mavelousness. When we find reason to believe that we are possessed of such scriptures, we shall be ready to throw them aside, and shall deem it safer to feel our way in the dark, than to perplex ourselves with a light which we can never know when to trust.

We have indicated but imperfectly the contents of the volume under review. With a strict unity of plan and purpose, it discusses a great variety of theological topics, and shows a writer thoroughly versed in the multiform, yet shallow infidelity of the present generation, and in that deeper lore of sacred things, the neglect of which lies at the root of all the moral, social and political evils of our times. Among the subjects treated with peculiar ability, are the influence of Christianity on the condition of woman, its relation to domestic slavery, and the circumstances of its early diffusion in their bearing on the question of its divine origin,—on all which points the loose assertions of Newman are more than refuted, are thoroughly riddled, and scattered to the winds. We find it peculiarly difficult to make extracts from this work; for the separate conversations and essays are too long to be quoted entire, and too compact to be dismembered without doing them gross injustice. We shall be happy if what we have written should contribute to the wider circulation of a book which can hardly fail to profit those who read it, and cannot fail to edify those who stand in no need of its reasonings.

ART. IV. — *Correspondence of the American Revolution; being Letters of Eminent Men to George Washington, from the Time of his taking Command of the Army to the End of his Presidency.* Edited from the original Manuscripts. By JARED SPARKS. 4 vols. 8vo. pp. 549, 554, 560, 555. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1853.

WHILE engaged upon his collection of Washington's writings, Mr. Sparks had in his hands a large mass of original

letters addressed to the chief by co-laborers in his public life. Mr. Sparks had copies taken, and availed himself of a portion for the illustrations of his great work contained in the notes and appendixes. There remained several thousands which had not been thus used. From these he has selected, for the present publication, about a thousand, from about a hundred and ninety writers. Appendixes to the first and second volumes, relating to the operations in Canada in 1775-76, those in Virginia and South Carolina in 1776, and those against Burgoyne and on Hudson's River in 1777, are made up of letters, about a hundred and fifty in number, which passed between the secondary actors of the time. These are principally copies from the originals, preserved among the papers of Generals Schuyler, Gates, Lee, Lincoln, Sullivan, Stark, Baron Steuben, and others.

There is no more delightful reading than such disinterred records of the thoughts and doings of the hour, in the correspondence of persons concerned in some great historical action,—with their resurrection of long perished loves and hates, triumphs and griefs, of hopes and fears, proved baseless afterwards perhaps, but calling the strongest passions into play, and daguerreotyping them in the letter written as they swept across the scene. Before our day, history has set down the great result. That stands, for the present and coming ages, a thing ascertained and unchangeable. But time was, when it was only one element possible to come into act among the infinite uncertainties of the future. When brought about, it was through complex labors, devices, and anxieties, and through a working and counter-working of a vast variety of agencies. There is an indescribable charm in being carried back to the time and place where the thought of some sage or hero seems to have determined some great issue for future ages, and sharing with him the privacy where the problem was wrought out.

As authentic and trustworthy contributions to history, documents of this description have an authority beyond all others. The public and accredited hearsay of the time of which he is writing must answer the historian's purpose, when he can do no better. The newspaper statements, weighed together,

and sifted with due caution, are worthy of his regard. Often, from peculiar circumstances, the journals and letters of private persons are entitled to full confidence; and oftener, they are good evidence of what was currently believed, and what is, therefore, more or less likely to have been true. But when Greene or Arnold writes to his superior officer that he has just fought a battle under such and such circumstances, or Morris communicates the state of the finances, or Jay the posture of a foreign negotiation, or Lee that of a question pending in Congress, there is an end so far to ignorance and doubt. The historian has nothing to do but to tell the tale as 't was told to him.

Such books are not only the best materials for history; they are a history more lively and fascinating than the more pretending compositions for which they provide materials. In them the writers appear, as they appeared and acted in life, not as wooden machines for grinding out the independence and prosperity of a commonwealth, but with the variety and human interest of individuals. The reader sees what he might reasonably have guessed, but what it is more agreeable to see,—that the function of giving him freedom was not divided among men all run in the same mould,—*fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum*,—but among men of the usual diversity of make, rash and timid, sanguine and saturnine, generous and suspicious, stern and affectionate, like any equal number of other people possessing qualities such as to bring them, at a critical period, into the front of affairs.

There is a beautiful dramatic variety of character in these volumes. Each writer is as different from every other as men in reality always are, but as formal history has not space to exhibit them, and as indeed history is not able to exhibit them, for the historian can draw no such spirited sketches as their own pens involuntarily trace of themselves. Here is a great gallery of portraits of historical men, self-delineated. The eye ranges over peopled walls. Near the entrance, it rests on a full length presentment of Hamilton, at twenty, beginning a succession of pictures of that rare genius, from the time when, an already famous boy, he became the favorite and confidential aid of the commander-in-chief, to that, when, having been

one of the controlling spirits in the Convention for framing the Federal Constitution, having largely helped to carry its adoption in the States by his essays in the *Federalist*, and set the ponderous machine going, with pendulum and weights, as Secretary of the Treasury, he retired from public life, thirty-eight years of age. There sits Hancock, grave, graceful, and stately, putting the first name, as President of Congress, to the Declaration of Independence, or writing to the General to "have it proclaimed at the head of the army." There is the solid and gallant form of Knox, — "*semper par negotiis, nec supra*;" here the serviceable, prompt, punctilious tactician, Heath, always in good humor with himself, but never so much so as to prevent his taking his chief's rebukes in good part. There are the very *effigies* of the brave, hearty, upright, zealous, but rather scatter-brained Putnam; of the admirable Greene and Lincoln, the former the more capable of original combination, but, on the other hand, the less stoical and smooth in reverses, — both alike soldiers and patriots of the true metal and stamp; of Arnold, a man of endless resources, of brilliant capacities for action and influence, of a soul volcanic with fires kindled in the abyss, stamped for greatness, had it not been for the disability of a congenital and essential scoundrelism. There is the high-born French youth, La Fayette, bending his shield, of Heaven knows how many quarterings, in reverential homage to his adoptive father, the soldier of poor republican America; and the frank smile and close brow of Jefferson, already the same mystery that the future historian will find him. There is the dashing young dragoon figure of the younger Laurens, (the elder, we fear, must be allowed to pass for a failure,) and there, again, is the same fine form in the diplomatic circle round the royalty of France; while the port of the humbler Marion proclaims that all the chivalrous temper of the South does not run in the channels of her courtly blood. There is a double portraiture of poor Gates, — first, when reaping at Saratoga the thick laurels which Schuyler and Lincoln, Arnold and Stark had sowed, he flew at the goal of the chief command, and would have jostled the Great American from his place, — next when, after the consummate and (but for Greene's admirable strategy) fatal blunder at

Camden, he was suing for indulgence with a mien almost as abject as formerly it had been confident and proud.

Schuyler's is a dignified, but a mournful figure. Justice was not done him in his own day. We doubt whether it has been done him yet. The old enmity between Dutch and English made him the object of a prejudice on the part of the New England troops, which a certain unfortunate *hauteur* of his own confirmed. But he was an able, as well as an honest, patriotic, disinterested man. It seems to have been a hard thing to deprive him of the command against Burgoyne, at the time when that step was taken. The harvesting of that field seems to have been fairly due to him, though allowance must be made for our being unable perhaps, at this day, fully to measure the discontent of those New England troops, on whom so much reliance was justly placed for the issue. And earlier, when ill health prevented him from assuming in person the conduct of the Canada campaign, a great game appeared to be in his hands, for his country and for himself.

"Mad Anthony" Wayne shows himself in a frame of great method and sobriety. Stark stands out, not at all as the rude soldier, but as a man of calm good sense, and well-trained thought. The mercurial and accomplished Gouverneur Morris; the strenuous and magnificent money-king, his namesake, "reminding us," says Mr. Pulszky, "of the heroes of Cornelius Nepos;" the venerable Jay, inflexible, incorruptible, and patient as Washington; the generous Morgan, of lowly origin, but a true gentleman's heart; Chittenden, the yeoman Governor of Vermont, keeping her loving and loyal to the Union, under injustice keenly felt; George Clinton, a model, in those days, of intelligent and right-minded activity; Montgomery, resolute and sanguine, equal to any sacrifice or hardship, but those of baffled plans, and ill-disciplined and complaining soldiers; Sullivan, deserving far better success, once and again on the point of some great achievement, which just failed him; Madison, matured in early manhood to a placid, graceful, scholarly statesmanship; Charles Lee, whom Carlyle might call *Junius-Dalgetty*; the gorgeous group of foreign officers, — Steuben, with

the starch military etiquette becoming an aid-de-camp of Frederic the Great,—Rochambeau, D'Estaing, Lauzun, Dupontail, De Grasse, Ternay, Pulaski, strangely swept from old-fashioned saloons and camps, to New England rocks and Carolina pine-barrens,—present each his own true, every-day physiognomy. The old Governor of Connecticut has an odd fascination of his own. There was as much chivalry in the straitlaced Jonathan Trumbull, as there was in the eccentric veteran rover, Charles Lee. For blood or bone, we would back him against any racer of the Revolution; and nobody excelled him as a prompt, precise, pains-taking man of business. Whether Washington was to be helped to gunpowder, or the Sound to be cleared of British ships, or New York tories to be kept in order, the exigency always found him wide awake. But till Washington got used to the excellent patriot, we can fancy him puzzling over the edifying reflections interwoven into the more fugitive matter, and wondering whether a scrap from the last Sunday's sermon of the Lebanon minister had not crept into the Governor's despatch. The following letter is in his characteristic strain. We desire to read nothing better. When, after this fashion, sword and Bible are thrown into the same scale, the other arm of the balance is pretty likely to kick the beam.

“Lebanon, 31 August, 1776.

“SIR,—Adjutant-General Reed's letter, of the 24th instant, came to hand Tuesday morning, the 27th; yours, of the same date, yesterday.

“On receiving the former, I advised with my Council. We concluded to send Benjamin Huntington, Esq., one of my Council, with direction to take with him Major Ely, at New London, an officer there well acquainted with the people on Long Island, to proceed there and consult and agree with some of the sure friends of our cause, with secrecy as far as the circumstances would admit, for a number of their men, assured friends, and well acquainted on the Island, to join with a body from this State, if possible to accomplish your wishes, to cause a diversion to the enemy, to harass them on their rear, and to prevent their excursions in pursuit of the provisions the Island affords. I hear they sailed for the Island yesterday. His return is expected the beginning of next week.

"If he succeeds according to our hopes, no exertions of this State, I trust, will be wanting, at this critical conjuncture, to harass and keep the enemy at bay, to gain time and every advantage the case may admit. I shall give the earliest intelligence of our proceedings, that you may coöperate with our designs. The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. It is nothing with God to help, whether many, or with those that have no power. He hath so ordered things, in the administration of the affairs of the world, as to encourage the use of means; and yet, so as to keep men in continual dependence upon him for the efficacy and success of them; to make kings and all men to know the reins of the world are not in their hands, but that there is One above who sways and governs all things here below.

"I am closing. A post comes in, and brings the letters, copies of which are inclosed. I now expect Mr. Huntington's speedy return. Have sent for my Council. My own thoughts, and such as come to me, are to send forward four or five of the companies now stationed at New London, with four field pieces, I hope six pieces, to join those men which may be ready for the service on Long Island; four or five companies to follow from New London as soon as they can be marched down; and also to order on other companies to take the places of such as are removed from thence.

"I am inclined to think we shall fall upon some measure similar to what is mentioned. No delay can be admitted at this critical moment. Please to give me the earliest intelligence how we may best serve agreeably to your desires.

"Shall send in the morning this intelligence to Governor Cooke, of Providence, and ask his assistance in the best way he shall think the circumstances of that State will admit.

"*September 1st.* Inclosed is a copy of another letter, dated yesterday, from Southold, that you may observe the contents. I hope to pursue our measures so as to stop the enemy getting into Suffolk county. I am, with esteem and regard, your Excellency's

"Most obedient, humble servant."

The following, of earlier date, was no unfit inauguration of the Virginia chief's first appearance in a New England camp.

"Lebanon, 13 July, 1775.

"SIR, — Suffer me to join in congratulating you, on your appointment to be General and Commander-in-Chief of the troops raised, or to be raised, for the defence of American liberty. Men, who have tasted

freedom, and who have felt their personal rights, are not easily taught to bear with encroachments on either, or brought to submit to oppression. Virtue ought always to be made the object of government. Justice is firm and permanent.

“His Majesty’s ministers have artfully induced the Parliament to join in their measures, to prosecute the dangerous and increasing difference between Great Britain and these Colonies with rigor and military force ; whereby the latter are driven to an absolute necessity to defend their rights and properties by raising forces for their security.

“The Honorable Congress have proclaimed a Fast to be observed by the inhabitants of all the English Colonies on this continent, to stand before the Lord in one day, with public humiliation, fasting, and prayer, to deplore our many sins, to offer up our joint supplications to God, for forgiveness, and for his merciful interposition for us in this day of unnatural darkness and distress.

“They have, with one united voice, appointed you to the high station you possess. The Supreme Director of all events hath caused a wonderful union of hearts and counsels to subsist among us.

“Now, therefore, be strong and very courageous. May the God of the armies of Israel shower down the blessings of his Divine Providence on you, give you wisdom and fortitude, cover your head in the day of battle and danger, add success, convince our enemies of their mistaken measures, and that all their attempts to deprive these Colonies of their inestimable constitutional rights and liberties are injurious and vain. I am, with great esteem and regard, Sir,

“Your most obedient humble servant.”

Greene is the largest contributor to the collection ; and next to him, Lafayette. Several of Greene’s letters relate to the extreme embarrassments of his service as Quartermaster-General, but nearly half to that very interesting year, from the autumn of 1780, that he was in the command of the Southern Department. The following paragraph, in which he despatches the battle of Eutaw Springs, which turned the tide of war in the South, is a good illustration of his modest, disinterested, and vigorous character.

“Since I wrote to you before, we have had a most bloody battle. It was by far the most obstinate fight I ever saw. Victory was ours ; and had it not been for one of those little incidents which frequently happen, in the progress of war, we should have taken the whole British

army. Nothing could exceed the gallantry of our officers, or the bravery of the troops. I do myself the honor to inclose you a copy of my letter to Congress, and beg leave to refer you to Captain Pierce, one of my Aids, who is the bearer, and who will give your Excellency a full history of all matters in this department, both as to force and supplies. I am trying to collect a body of militia to oppose Lord Cornwallis, should he attempt to escape through North Carolina. And you may rest assured nothing shall be left unattempted, in my power, to impede his march, so as to give your army time to get up with him; but my force is very small, and I am exceedingly embarrassed with numerous wounded." Vol. iii. pp. 406, 407.

Lafayette's filial devotion throws a vein of romantic sentiment into the conglomerate marble of Washington's common experience. An affection so tender, a confidence so perfect, between actors on the great theatre of politics and war, is something of the rarest occurrence. "The Theban pair," with their "virtues in heroic concord joined," are nothing to it. Scipio and Lælius would have missed each other less. Ninus and Euryalus, had they only belonged to something more substantial than poetry, might have furnished a sort of parallel on a small scale. Lafayette pours out his homage to his "guide, philosopher, and friend," in language almost consecrated hitherto to the communications of lovers.

"To hear from you, my most respected friend, will be the greatest happiness I can feel. The longer the letters you write, the more blessed with satisfaction I shall think myself. I hope you will not refuse me that pleasure as often as you can. I hope you will ever preserve that affection, which I return by the tenderest sentiments."

"Farewell, my most beloved General; it is not without emotion I bid you this last adieu, before so long a separation. Don't forget an absent friend, and believe me, forever and ever, with the highest respect and tenderest affection."

"On Board the Alliance, 10 January, 1779.

"I open again my letter, my dear General, to let you know that I am not yet gone; but, if the wind proves fair, I shall sail to-morrow. Nothing from Philadelphia; nothing from head-quarters. So that everybody, as well as myself, is of opinion that I shall be wrong to wait any longer. I hope I am right, and I hope to hear soon from you. Adieu, my dear and forever beloved friend, — adieu." Vol. ii. pp. 248, 249.

"I beg your pardon, my dear General, for giving you so much trouble in reading my scrawls ; but we are going to sail, and my last adieu I must dedicate to my beloved General. Adieu, my dear General. I know your heart so well, that I am sure that no distance can alter your attachment to me. With the same candor, I assure you that my love, my respect, my gratitude for you, are above expression ; that, at the moment of leaving you, I felt more than ever the strength of those friendly ties that forever bind me to you, and that I anticipate the pleasure, the most wished-for pleasure, to be again with you, and, by my zeal and services, to gratify the feelings of my respect and affection." Vol. iii. p. 461.

"What must your virtuous and good heart feel, on the happy instant when the revolution you have made is now firmly established ! I cannot but envy the happiness of my grandchildren, when they will be about celebrating and worshipping your name. To have one of their ancestors among your soldiers, to know he had the good fortune to be the friend of your heart, will be the eternal honor in which they shall glory." Ibid. p. 546.

"Adieu, my dear General. Accept, with your usual goodness, the affectionate tribute of a heart so entirely devoted to you, that no words can ever express the respect, the love, and all the sentiments, with which you know it is glowing for you, and that make me until my last breath, your obedient, humble, and affectionate friend." Vol. iv. pp. 61, 62.

"I am sorry our meeting again is deferred ; but, when you are absent, I endeavour to guess what you would have advised me to do, and then do it." Ibid. p. 81.

"I have received your affectionate letter of the 8th ; and from the known sentiments of my heart to you, you will easily guess what my feelings have been in perusing the tender expressions of your friendship. No, my beloved General, our late parting was not by any means a last interview. My whole soul revolts at the idea ; and could I harbour it an instant, indeed, my dear General, it would make me miserable. I well see you never will go to France. The inexpressible pleasure of embracing you in my own house, of welcoming you in a family where your name is adored, I do not much expect to experience ; but to you I shall return, and within the walls of Mount Vernon, we shall yet often speak of old times. My firm plan is to visit now and then my friends on this side of the Atlantic ; and the most beloved of all friends I ever had, or ever shall have anywhere, is too strong

an inducement for me to return to him, not to think that whenever it is possible I shall renew my so pleasing visits to Mount Vernon." *Ib.* pp. 86, 87.

"Adieu, adieu, my dear General. It is with inexpressible pain that I feel I am going to be severed from you by the Atlantic. Every thing, that admiration, respect, gratitude, friendship, and filial love, can inspire, is combined in my affectionate heart to devote me most tenderly to you. In your friendship I find a delight which words cannot express. Adieu, my dear General. It is not without emotion that I write this word, although I know I shall soon visit you again. Be attentive to your health. Let me hear from you every month. Adieu, adieu." *Ibid.* pp. 88, 89.

"What is become of the happy years, my beloved General, when, before my sentiments were formed, I had time to model them after your judgment? This comfort at least remains for me, — to endeavour guessing what your opinion will be on every case that occurs." *Ibid.* p. 184.

"Adieu, my dear General. I hope you think often of an adoptive son, who loves you with all the powers of his heart; and, as long as it has life, will ever be your most grateful, affectionate, respectful friend." *Ibid.* pp. 184, 185.

"I do not live one day without grieving for the hard separation which deprives me of the blessed sight of what is dearest to me, and leaves me so few opportunities to tell you, with all the love of a devoted heart, that I am, forever, with the most affectionate respect, your filial, grateful friend." *Ibid.* p. 219.

"What could have been my feelings, had the news of your illness reached me before I knew my beloved General, my adoptive father, was out of danger? I was struck with horror at the idea of the situation you have been in, while I, uninformed and so distant from you, was anticipating the long waited-for pleasure to hear from you, and the still more endearing prospect to visit you, and present you the tribute of a revolution, one of your first offsprings.

"For God's sake, my dear General, take care of your health! Do not devote yourself so much to the Cabinet, while your habit of life has, from your young years, accustomed you to constant exercise. Your conservation is the life of your friends, the salvation of your country. It is for you a religious duty, not to neglect what may concern your health. I beg you will let me oftener hear from you. I

write when an opportunity offers ; and to my great sorrow I hear my letters must have miscarried, or been detained. But, as our correspondence can have no other bounds but the opportunities to write, it was not a reason, give me leave to say, for you to miss any that may have offered ; and you may easily guess what I am exposed to suffer, what would have been my situation, had I known your illness before the news of your recovery had comforted a heart so affectionately devoted to you." *Ibid.* pp. 343, 344.

And what is very striking, is that when years had passed by, and a new revolution, child of that in America, had come forward, and Lafayette, no longer a youth, had become apparently the most important man in Europe, holding in his hands the fate of its most splendid throne and nation, nothing is abated from his absolute deference to the master of his greener years.

" Give me leave, my dear General, to present you with a picture of the Bastile, just as it looked a few days after I had ordered its demolition, with the main key of the fortress of despotism. It is a tribute, which I owe as a son to my adoptive father, as an Aid-de-camp to my General, as a missionary of liberty to its patriarch." Vol. iv. p. 322.

" Whatever expectations I had conceived of a speedy termination to our revolutionary troubles, I still am tossed about in the ocean of factions and commotions of every kind. For it is my fate to be on each side with equal animosity attacked, both by the aristocratic, slavish, parliamentary, clerical — in a word, by all enemies to my free and levelling doctrine ; and, on the other side, by the Orleanist factions, anti-royal, licentious, and pillaging parties of every kind ; so that my personal escape from amidst so many hostile bands is rather dubious, although our great and good revolution is, thank Heaven, not only insured in France, but on the point of visiting other parts of the world, provided the restoration of public order is soon obtained in this country, where the good people have been better taught how to overthrow despotism than they can understand how to submit to the law. To you, my dear General, the Patriarch and Generalissimo of universal liberty, I shall render exact accounts of the conduct of your Deputy and Aid in that great cause." *Ibid.* pp. 361, 362.

Lincoln was a man without a particle of impulsiveness or show ; but the thing fit to be done, that, in the right time and place, Lincoln always did. Amidst the darkest environments,

he employed every method suited to secure success, just as promptly and strenuously as if cheered on by all bright omens. And when reverse came, he dealt with it just as he had been doing with the means of averting it. It was now a thing simply to be made the best of. Washington understood and respected himself and his friend too well to offer him condolence on the unsuccessful issue of a campaign, which, as things were, could not possibly have terminated in any other way. He merely took care of his feelings by appointing him to receive Cornwallis's sword at Yorktown. Almost disabled by a wound received at Saratoga, Lincoln had desired to retire from the Southern command. But he was too much trusted to allow of his being indulged. He was compelled at last to surrender Charleston, but it was not till he had drawn upon himself a much superior force, consisting of the greater part of the British troops in America, headed by the British commander-in-chief; and it was without the whisper of a charge of any thing having been omitted, which skill and constancy could do to fend off the calamity. There was no trepidation, and no whining, as he saw the circle closing around him. The following are his last two letters, published by Mr. Sparks, before the capitulation.

" Charleston, 24 March, 1780.

" MY DEAR GENERAL,

" Since my last, the enemy have, very unexpectedly, brought over the ships mentioned in the inclosed paper. It has been thought there was not water enough for a sixty-four gun ship. Before they came into the harbour, it was determined to form a line of battle across the channel, with our ships, to act in conjunction with Fort Moultrie; but afterwards, as the enemy were so vastly superior to our force, it was thought best to remove our ships up to the town in Cooper River, and land their heavy cannon and men. We are endeavouring to obstruct the channel from the town to Shute's Folly. If we should succeed, great good will result from the measure, as thereby we shall prevent the enemy from running up that river, and cutting off our communication with the country on the east.

" The enemy are extending their works on Ashley River, from the mouth of Wappoo, with a design to cover their stores, which they can land near the first work, at the mouth of the creek, and remove them a mile or two across land to the head of another creek, which empties

into the Ashley, where they have a work also, which is opposite a good landing on this side. I think they will throw their troops across above, take post at this landing, and then transport their stores, which will save them a very long land carriage.

"I lament, most sincerely, that, from the want of a sufficient power, we cannot oppose their passing this river, which might easily be effected, and oblige the enemy to take a circuit of forty miles. General Woodford is not yet arrived. By his letter of the 6th instant, he informs me that his troops would leave Petersburg the day after. His numbers, by some means or other, are greatly reduced. By his return, he has only seven hundred and thirty-seven fit for action.

"General Scott informs me that he is coming on without the remainder of his troops. *Want of clothing is the cause.* A few of them have been persuaded to take care of General Woodford's baggage. Many of the North Carolina militia, whose times have expired, leave us to-day. They cannot be persuaded to remain longer, though the enemy are in our neighbourhood.

"General McIntosh received, a few days since, a resolve of Congress, founded on a letter from the Governor of Georgia, and one from the Speaker of the Assembly of that State, purporting that he had lost the confidence of the people; in which resolve he is suspended from acting in the Southern department. I have not only to lament the loss of so good an officer, but that Congress have so suddenly come into a resolution, which must wound the feelings of an old servant of the United States, and who, by the war, is reduced from a state of great affluence to that but a little removed from beggary. He has the command of the country militia of this State, now in garrison. I have the honor to be, my dear General, with the highest esteem,

"Your Excellency's most obedient servant." Vol. ii. pp. 418 - 420.

"Charleston, 9 April, 1780.

"MY DEAR GENERAL,

"The enemy crossed the Ashley, in force, near the ferry, on the 29th ultimo, and the next day moved down, and encamped about three thousand yards from our lines. Before this, they had transported their heavy baggage, ordnance, and stores, from out of Wappoo, across land, about two miles, to Old Town Creek, on the west side of the river, opposite their encampment. In the morning of the 1st instant, we discovered that they had opened ground in several places in our front, about eleven hundred yards therefrom. The next night they threw up a work on our left, distance nine hundred yards. The next which

appeared was on Cooper River, six hundred yards from our right ; these, and some which they have since raised, seem to be closed. They have been some nights perfecting their works, and opening lines of communication. What they have done seems rather calculated to cover their approaches, than to annoy us from them.

"Seven ships of war passed fort Moultrie yesterday afternoon, and anchored near where Fort Johnson stood, with no other apparent injury than the loss of one topmast. We have been busily employed in throwing obstructions in their passage of the Cooper. I wish they may prove effectual, for it is of the highest importance for us to keep that open ; thereby we preserve a communication with the country, from which we can draw our succours and supplies. In order the more effectually to do this, we mean to throw up a work on Lem-priere's, one at Cainhoy up Wando, where we shall have our deposit of stores, besides some on the several landings, on the east side of Cooper River. These things have been some time in contemplation, but the necessary works to be made in town have prevented their being executed. Indeed, before the Virginia troops, under General Woodford, arrived, which was on the 7th, we could not man them ; but from the addition of that force, and the North Carolina militia, who are coming in, we hope to spare some few men for this purpose, and that we shall be able to draw down some of the militia of this State into these works, who will not come to town. One of the enemy's ships, said to be a transport, fell to leeward last night (within Fort Moultrie,) which ship they burned this morning.

"I expect soon the remainder of General Scott's troops, and some militia from North Carolina. I have the honor to be, my dear General, with the highest esteem and affection,

"Your most obedient servant."

Ibid. pp. 433, 434.

Hancock's letters are in a higher style than belongs to the character, which of late it has been usual to ascribe to him. The business communications, which, as President of Congress, it belonged to him to make to Washington during the first two years of the war, could not have been better than they are. Throughout he maintains an attitude of the utmost propriety and dignity, and the same is preserved in his later capacity of Governor of Massachusetts. He thus writes to Washington on the disbandment of the army.

"Boston, 15 October, 1783.

"SIR,
"My feelings as a private friend, and the very great personal regard

for your Excellency with which I have been penetrated ever since I had the honor of an acquaintance with you, would by no means allow me to see you retiring from your important employments without paying you my particular attentions. But when, as a public man, warmly attached to the interest of my country, I consider the nature of those services which you have rendered to that country; when I recollect the cares you have sustained, the fatigues you have endured, and the dangers you have confronted, for the public safety; when I call to mind the many instances in which your abilities, your prudence, your fortitude and patience, have been superior to the severest trials; and when I now see the great object of all so completely obtained in the establishment of the independence and peace of the United States;—my heart is too full to forbear to congratulate your Excellency in the most respectful and affectionate manner, upon an issue so happy to them, and so glorious to yourself.

“To all your services, as Commander-in-chief of an army that has, in a manner astonishing to the whole world, efficaciously supported the freedom of America, you have constantly added, and particularly in your late circular letter to the States, the result of your uncommon wisdom and experience as a statesman, to assist us in improving, to the happiest purposes, the advantages gained by our arms.

“After such services, which consecrate your name to all posterity, with what home-felt satisfaction must your future days be blest! Heaven crown them with every favor! May you long live, my dear General, and long have the joy to see the increasing splendor and prosperity of a rising nation, aided by your counsels, and defended by your sword! Indulge me the pleasure to believe that I have a place in your recollection, and still honor and make me happy in your friendship. I have the honor to be, with the most perfect sentiments of regard and esteem, dear General, your

“Most obedient and very faithful, humble servant.” Vol. iv. p. 49, 50.

One scarcely looks for Thomas Paine in such reverend company. But Paine, the vigorous writer of “Common Sense” (a most timely and effective contribution to the preparation of the public mind for independence), and of the “Rights of Man,” not yet of the “Age of Reason,”—the not incompetent antagonist of Burke,—holding a pen rarely rivalled for power of popular effect,—was not yet, or at all events, was not known to be, steeped in the sad degradation that shamed his later years. If more disinterested critics thought highly of Paine’s political services, his own judgment was not behind

theirs. In July, 1791, he writes to Washington from London, as follows: —

“After the establishment of the American Revolution, it did not appear to me that any object could arise, great enough to engage me a second time. I began to feel myself happy in being quiet. But I now experience that principle is not confined to time or place, and that the ardor of Seventy-six is capable of renewing itself. I have another work in hand, which I intend shall be my last; for I long much to return to America.

“It is not natural that fame should wish for a rival. But the case is otherwise with me; for I do most sincerely wish there was some person in this country that could usefully and successfully attract the public attention, and leave me with a satisfied mind to the enjoyment of quiet life. But it is painful to see errors and abuses, and sit down a senseless spectator. Of this your own mind will interpret mine.” Vol. iv. p. 381.

Paine had just then dedicated to Washington his “Rights of Man.” Soon after, being imprisoned by the French “Committee of Safety,” he took umbrage at Washington’s alleged want of interest in obtaining his release, and forgot a little the professions and resolutions of the better days when he wrote thus:

“I have been out nowhere for near these two months. The part I have taken in an affair, that is yet depending, rendered it most prudent in me to absent myself from company, lest I should be asked questions improper to be answered, or subject myself to conversation that might have been unpleasant. That there has been foul play somewhere, is clear to every one; and where it lies, will, I believe, soon come out.

“Having thus explained myself, I have to add my sincerest wishes for your happiness in every line of life, and to assure you that, as far as my abilities extend, I shall never suffer a hint of dishonor or even a deficiency of respect to you to pass unnoticed. I have always acted that part, and am confident that your virtues and conduct will ever require it from me as a duty, as well as render it a pleasure.” Vol. ii. p. 251.

Down to the day we live in, Congress is not entirely composed of thoroughly unselfish and enlightened patriots, and methodical and diligent men of business. It was not always

so composed in the days of the Revolution. Mr. Hosmer, a delegate from Connecticut, writes to the Governor of that State as follows, in August, 1778.

"I wish I could with truth assure your Excellency that, in my view, our affairs are in a happy train, and that Congress has adopted wise and effectual measures to restore our wounded public credit, and to establish the United States, their liberty, union, and happiness, upon a solid and permanent foundation. I dare not do it, while my heart is overwhelmed with the most melancholy presages. The idleness and captiousness of some gentlemen, maugre the wishes and endeavors of an honest and industrious majority, in my apprehension, threaten the worst consequences. The Southern States are fixed against holding Congress more than once a day. Our hours are fixed from nine in the forenoon to two in the afternoon. If these were punctually attended, it would be, perhaps, as much as could be spared from Committees, and other business which must be done out of Congress hours. Nine States make a Congress. Some States have Delegates so very negligent, so much immersed in the pursuit of pleasure or business, that it is very rare we can make a Congress before near eleven o'clock; and this evil seems incapable of a remedy, as Congress has no means to compel gentlemen's attendance, and those who occasionally delay are callous to admonition and reproof, which have been often tried in vain.

"When we are assembled, several gentlemen have such a knack of starting questions of order, raising debates upon critical, captious, and trifling amendments, protracting them by long speeches, by postponing, calling for the previous question, and other arts, that it is almost impossible to get an important question decided at one sitting, and if it is put over to another day, the field is open to be gone over again, precious time is lost, and the public business left undone. I am sorry to add, that the opposition between States, the old prejudices of north against south, and south against north, seem to be reviving, and are industriously heightened by some who, I fear, would be but too well pleased to see our Union blasted, and our independence broken and destroyed." Vol. ii. pp. 197, 198.

The letters from the Virginia statesmen, Henry, Jefferson, the Lees, the Randolphs, Madison, Harrison, Mason, Bland, have a peculiar interest, on account of their community of local associations, and the *genius of the place* being the same to them and to their great correspondent. Hamilton's letters, as far as the subjects allow a comparison in that particular, are

equally noticeable for the absence of any local element. The *nationality* of Hamilton's views is apparent from the first. To him New York was no more nor nearer than Virginia, or Georgia, or Rhode Island. Hamilton comes upon the scene full-grown, in his mission to the north in November, 1777, to make Gates and Putnam obey their orders. His conduct, as detailed in his series of letters at that time, evinces amazing energy, capacity, and self-control, in a lad of twenty. How to deal with the conqueror of Saratoga, in the flush of his new-blown bays, would have been a problem for Talleyrand. That a hot *aide-de-camp*, scarcely out of his teens, should have made any thing of it, or that he should not even defeat his errand by bluster and fret, was almost too much to expect. But there was an old and cool head on those young shoulders. In November, 1777, he writes thus to Washington, from Albany.

"DEAR SIR,

"I arrived here yesterday, at noon, and waited upon General Gates immediately, on the business of my mission; but was sorry to find his ideas did not correspond with yours for drawing off the number of troops you directed. I used every argument in my power to convince him of the propriety of the measure; but he was inflexible in the opinion, that two brigades, at least, of Continental troops should remain in and near this place. His reasons were, that the intelligence of Sir Henry Clinton's having gone to join Burgoyne was not sufficiently authenticated to put it out of doubt; that there was, therefore, a possibility of his returning up the river, which might expose the finest arsenal in America (as he calls the one here) to destruction, should this place be left so bare of troops as I proposed; and that the want of conveniences, and the difficulty of the roads, would make it impossible to remove the artillery and stores here for a considerable time; that the New England States would be left open to the depredations and ravages of the enemy; that it would put it out of his power to enterprise any thing against Ticonderoga, which, he thinks, might be done in the winter, and which he considers it of importance to undertake.

"The force of the reasons did by no means strike me, and I did every thing in my power to show they were unsubstantial; but all I could effect, was to have one brigade despatched in addition to those already marched. I found myself infinitely embarrassed, and was at a loss how to act. I felt the importance of strengthening you as much

as possible ; but, on the other hand, I found insuperable inconveniences in acting diametrically opposite to the opinion of a gentleman, whose successes have raised him into the highest importance. General Gates has won the entire confidence of the Eastern States. If disposed to do it, by addressing himself to the prejudices of the people, he would find no difficulty to render a measure odious, which, it might be said with plausibility enough to be believed, was calculated to expose them to unnecessary danger, notwithstanding their exertions during the campaign had given them the fullest title to repose and security. General Gates has influence and interest elsewhere ; he might use it, if he pleased, to discredit the measure there also. On the whole, it appeared to me dangerous to insist on sending more troops from hence, while General Gates appeared so warmly opposed to it. Should any accident or inconvenience happen in consequence of it, there would be too fair a pretext for censure ; and many people are too well disposed to lay hold of it. At any rate, it might be considered as using him ill, to take a step so contrary to his judgment, in a case of this nature.

"These considerations, and others which I shall be more explicit in, when I have the pleasure of seeing you, determined me," &c. Vol. ii. pp. 26 - 28.

With Putnam, he did not feel compelled by the same reasons of prudence to use so much ceremony.

"Head-Quarters, New Windsor, 9 November, 1777.

"SIR,

"I cannot forbear confessing, that I am astonished and alarmed beyond measure, to find that all his Excellency's views have been hitherto frustrated, and that no single step of those I mentioned to you has been taken to afford him the aid he absolutely stands in need of, and by delaying which, the cause of America is put to the utmost conceivable hazard.

"I so fully explained to you the General's situation, that I could not entertain a doubt you would make it the first object of your attention to reënforce him with that speed the exigency of affairs demanded ; but, I am sorry to say, he will have too much reason to think other objects, in comparison with that insignificant, have been uppermost. I speak freely and emphatically, because I tremble at the consequences of the delay that has happened. General Clinton's reënforcement is probably by this time with Mr. Howe. This will give him a decisive superiority over our army. What may be the issue of such a state of things, I leave to the feelings of every friend to his country, capable of foreseeing consequences. My expressions may perhaps have more

warmth than is altogether proper; but they proceed from the overflowing of my heart, in a matter where I conceive this Continent essentially interested. I wrote to you from Albany, and desired you would send a thousand Continental troops of those first proposed to be left with you. This, I understand, has not been done. How the non-compliance can be answered to General Washington, you can best determine.

"I now, Sir, in the most explicit terms, by his Excellency's authority, give it as a positive order from him, that all the Continental troops under your command may be immediately marched to King's Ferry, there to cross the river, and hasten to reënforce the army under him.

"The Massachusetts militia are to be detained instead of them, until the troops coming from the northward arrive. When they do, they will replace, as far as I am instructed, the troops you shall send away in consequence of this requisition. The General's idea of keeping troops this way does not extend farther than covering the country from any little irruptions of small parties, and carrying on the works necessary for the security of the river. As to attacking New York, that he thinks ought to be out of the question at present. If men could be spared from the other really necessary objects, he would have no objections to attempting a diversion by way of New York, but nothing further." Vol. ii. pp. 549, 550.

Poor, generous "Old Put!" Almost the only strokes of pathos in the volumes, due to private sorrows, are from his rude hand. And they are so touching, because they are so unconscious. October 16, 1777, he writes to Washington a full letter relating to the loss of Fort Montgomery, the surrender of Burgoyne, and his own subsequent dispositions, and concludes as follows, crushing the great grief of his stout heart into a period.

"The enemy's loss, by the last accounts I have been able to get, is very considerable; not less than a thousand. The two Continental frigates, and the row-galley which lay above Fort Montgomery, were burnt, to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy, for which I am very sorry, as one, I believe, might have been saved.

"I have the unhappiness to inform you, that Mrs. Putnam, after a long and tedious illness, departed this life last Tuesday night. With the highest esteem and respect, I am, dear Sir,

"Your most obedient, humble servant." Vol. ii. p. 6.

In December, 1779, while on a visit to his family in Con-

necticut, he had an attack of paralysis, on hearing of which, Washington sent him a kind letter.* The first use of his hand in writing was to testify his affection to his General.

"Pomfret, 29 May, 1780.

"DEAR SIR,

"I cannot forbear informing your Excellency, by the return of Major Humphreys to camp, of the state of my health, from the first of my illness to the present time.

"After I was prevented from coming on to the army, by a stroke of the paralytic kind, which deprived me, in a great measure, of the use of my right leg and arm, I retired to my plantation, and have been gradually growing better ever since. I have now so far gained the use of my limbs, especially of my leg, as to be able to walk with very little impediment, and to ride on horseback tolerably well. In other respects I am in perfect health, and enjoy the comforts and pleasures of life with as good a relish as most of my neighbors.

"Although I should not be able to resume a command in the army, I propose to myself the happiness of making a visit, and seeing my friends there some time in the course of the campaign. And, however incapable I may be of serving my country, to my latest hour my wishes and prayers will always be most ardent and sincere for its happiness and freedom. As a principal instrument in the hand of Providence for effecting this, may Heaven long preserve your Excellency's most important and valuable life.

"Not being able to hold the pen in my own hand, I am obliged to make use of another to express with how much regard and esteem, I am, your Excellency's

"Most obedient and very humble servant,

"ISRAEL PUTNAM.

"P. S. I am making a great effort to use my hand to make the initials of my name, for the first time. I. P."

Vol. ii. p. 457, 458.

General Greene sometimes slips in a word about domestic anxieties; but never obtrusively, and only in a way which makes more conspicuous the struggle of the patriot in the subordinating of private feelings.

Of course, this publication has much more variety and dramatic interest than Mr. Sparks's selection from Washington's

* Washington's Writings, vol. vii. p. 101.

writings. But its rare attractiveness of this kind is of less importance than its historical value as the complement of that work. Here are the materials, contributed from various quarters, from day to day, on which Washington made up the judgments announced in his own letters, and embodied in his own measures. Here are some two hundred mirrors, reflecting at so many different angles, the figure of the great man, each contributing its own witness, and all representing the self-same august form and port. Nearly two hundred writers from all parts of the country, addressing him on their own occasions, without a common object or mutual knowledge, testify in every unconscious line, their profound sense of his wisdom, magnanimity, and justice. Arnold bows to these qualities, — Paine recognizes them, — as much as Lafayette and Jay love and revere them. Hamilton is disappointed, but never complains. Henry dissents and opposes, but never thinks of blaming. Knox feels deeply hurt, but does not cease to be respectful and affectionate. Everybody's troubles come to Washington. Sullivan, Schuyler, Montgomery, even Greene,* tease him with the recital of their discomforts and discontents, but the reader perceives that they are ill at ease in troubling him to think of them, who never thinks of himself, and that they are sensible that, after all, his equanimity will no more be shaken by their embarrassments than by his own. Open to advice, close as to expression, until the time for word or action came, — self-possessed and unimpassioned always, — no oracle was ever more oracular than this man among the more sagacious and disinterested of his associates, while the more impetuous or self-seeking never found in the antecedents a pretence for any charge of injustice, and rarely found in the consequences any foundation for a charge of mistake. Nobody, in Congress or in camp, or elsewhere, presumed to match his own wisdom with Washington's, except Gates and his coxcomical set, for a little while; and they could never get up each other's courage high enough to blurt out their crudities to him. The unhappy Conway did all that he could to resist, in himself, the feeble remains of a better nature; but by and by it triumphed, while death seemed to be

* Vol. ii. p. 164.

standing by his bed, and the humble expiation of his fault made the best possible record of its grossness.

“Philadelphia, 23 July, 1778

“SIR,

“I find myself just able to hold the pen during a few minutes, and take this opportunity of expressing my sincere grief for having done, written, or said, any thing disagreeable to your Excellency. My career will soon be over; therefore justice and truth prompt me to declare my last sentiments. You are in my eyes the great and good man. May you long enjoy the love, veneration, and esteem of these States, whose liberties you have asserted by your virtues.” *Washington's Writings*, vol. v. p. 517.

The Appendixes contain a mass of new and highly interesting matter. The first, which is the longest, consisting of nearly a hundred pages, relates to the operations in Canada from August, 1775, to the final expulsion of the American forces from that province, in the autumn of the following year. The extraordinary resource and vigor shown by Arnold in the expedition through the wilderness, from Fort Western to the St. Lawrence, with the extreme hardships which enabled them to bear,—the desperate gallantry and disastrous issue of Montgomery's night attack on Quebec,—the occupation of the upper country,—the shifting hopes and fears, adhesion and hostility of the inhabitants,—the tragical events following the defeat at the Cedars,—the succession of seeming accidents which, from time to time, brightened and obscured the prospects of the expedition, making them one day seem almost sure and another well-nigh hopeless,—compose a tale the like of which, for animated and varied interest, is rarely found in history. Montgomery's is a stirring name. His earlier fortunes, his heroic persistence through the preliminary difficulties of the campaign, his generous Irish nature, the place and manner of his fall, invest it with an interest much warmer than esteem. It seems an outrage now to couple Arnold's name with his. But at the date of their storming of Quebec, who could say which of them was the worthier? Sound, wounded, or half-starved,—in bivouac or in hospital, in field or in council, on land or on shipboard,

wherever Arnold was, there was contrivance, valor, method, and efficiency. Colonel Ward, who (then a Captain in the Rhode Island line) was of the party up the Kennebec, was asked how it was that the men kept their spirits up, when they were reduced to making soup of their moose-skin moc-casins. He said, every man felt sure that Arnold would get them through.

The first Appendix to the second volume, tells the story of the operations of Charles Lee, in the spring and summer of 1776, in Virginia and South Carolina, including the repulse of the British squadron from Sullivan's Island, by Colonel Moultrie and Colonel Thompson, on the 28th of June. The following letter to the President of Congress, at the close of the campaign, is a graver specimen, than most, of Lee's epistolary style.

"Savannah, 24 August, 1776.

"SIR,

"Your letter, with the thanks of the Congress, reached me at Petersburg. The approbation of the freely chosen Delegates of a free and uncorrupt people, is certainly the highest honor that a man of any sentiment can be ambitious of; and I shall consider it as a fresh stimulus to excite my zeal and ardor in the glorious cause in which I am engaged. May the God of Righteousness prosper your arms in every part of the Empire, in proportion to the justice with which they were taken up! Once more let me express the high satisfaction and happiness I feel in this honorable testimony; and once more let me assure the United States of America, that they cannot meet with a servant, whatever may be his abilities, animated with a greater degree of ardor and enthusiasm for their safety, prosperity, and glory.

"The present state of this Province, its strength and weakness, I shall transmit to the Board of War, according to the directions I have received. Be persuaded, Sir, that I am, with the greatest respect," &c. Vol. ii. p. 510.

The second Appendix to the same volume (in which Brockholst Livingston, who but lately was worthily moving among us in the sanctity of the judicial ermine, figures as the youthful aid of St. Clair,) represents the vicissitudes of the Northern campaign of 1777, when New England and New York were building their breastwork against Burgoyne. St. Clair falls back from Ticonderoga. Seth Warner musters on "the

Grants." Stark comes pellmell from New Hampshire, cuts Baum and his meddling Hessians to pieces at Bennington, and the same day, with the help of Warner's opportune reënforcement, extinguishes Breyman. Arnold's adroit *finesse* scatters St. Leger's Indians from before Fort Stanwix. Brown snips off three hundred men from a not too numerous army. Lincoln draws the cords tighter at Stillwater. At length the game is up, and the hunter is prostrate in the snare. With singular indecorum, Gates omits to send any intelligence of his victory to the commander-in-chief, and (as we were told by Colonel Pickering) it is first known at head-quarters through a private letter to Colonel Palfrey. Nor has he written to any one that, at the decisive second action of Behmus's Heights, Arnold's was the controlling spirit. Arnold was under arrest, but there was no keeping him quiet in his tent, when such deeds were doing. Armstrong, then aid to Gates, used to relate, that he was sent to order Arnold in, and chased him about the field for that purpose an hour; but that the quick-eyed soldier evidently guessed his errand, and would never wait for him to come within speaking distance. The troops cared little about his disgrace, and gladly obeyed his orders.

Sir Henry Clinton, as is well known, projected a push up the Hudson River, to effect a junction with Burgoyne from the North. When this scheme was frustrated by the capture of the latter, Putnam had an ill-considered plan of his own for an assault on New York, which disinclined him to send the reënforcements of which Washington was in sore need in Pennsylvania. These matters, with others incident and consequent to them, are elucidated in the third Appendix to the second volume, which ends with a highly characteristic letter from Washington after the withdrawal of the distressed army into winter-quarters at Valley Forge.

The volumes are prepared with the good judgment, good taste, and careful illustration, which the public looks for in whatever passes through the hands of Mr. Sparks.